

Then came the hike back to Cerilley,
One hundred and fifty miles of old corn Willie,
With blistered feet and a sore back,
Through mud and slush with a heavy pack.

You couldn't tell how to save your soul,
Glenn got scalded so did Port Hole,
With a can of coffee, black and hot,
Some said drunk but of course not.

"Everybody get ready you will be deloused,
Turn in your old clothes and get re-bloused.
Get rid of the cooties and that musty smell,
Be deloused or you are S. O. L."

Heze stole eggs as fast as they were layed,
All night long the steam piano played;
One Poker game, about six months long,
Beaucoup fair ladies, wine and song.

When once we started we were hard to stop,
Christmas Day we went over the top,
In the battle of Cerilley we all well know,
No one was killed but many laid low.

Hauser went wading with the ducks,
Non-coms drank just like the bucks:
Nance saw a fight and wanted in it,
He was buried in mud in about a minute.

The battle of Cerilley was very hard fought,
And we can't say that it amounted to naught,
Sarge Pointdexter had blood in his eye,
Major said "Boys we will have to can that guy"

"What's the dope about going home?
When do we sail again the briney foam?
According to Vaden and late latrine dope,
It won't be long let us all hope.

Time dragged along and days went by,
The time finally came to say good-bye
To our friends of the quaint little ville
Of which memory lingers and always will.

On the sixteenth of May we marched to La Garre
And boarded the train. Adieu, aurevoir
Cerilley and friends with outstretched hands,
Waving farewell as we left for Le Mans.

While in Le Mans area we stopped at Mezier
For about ten days, and then off to St Nazaire
For final inspection and close examination
To saveguard the birth of the next generation.

It wasn't so long till they said the word;
We set sail for Home on June the third,
On the S. S. Amphion, a remodeled German boat,
The rockigest thing that ever set afloat.